

Plenty of Fish by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy is just HOT, Blow Jobs, First Kiss, Hand Jobs, M/M, PWP, Porn With Plot, Recreational Drug Use, Semi-Public Sex, Steve really needs a hug, spoilers s2

Language: English

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Harringrove - Relationship

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-29

Updated: 2017-10-29

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:47:47

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,817

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“As I said, there’s plenty of fish in the sea, Harrington. Pretty boy like you shouldn’t have any problems finding another hookup.”

“I don’t really want a hookup.”

“Maybe you don’t want one. But you sure as hell need it.”

—Steve is spying on Nancy and Jonathan outside the Snowflake Ball. Billy happens to pass by.

[SPOILERS S2]

Plenty of Fish

It was a starry night. Quiet, calm, peace; things Steve maybe shouldn't loathe as much as he did right now. But he did. He despised quiet, he hated calm and for the love of GOD he couldn't stand peace.

When those three things collided near him, his mind tended to drift into certain subjects he much definitely didn't want to think about. Stuff like feeling like shit every waking second and dreading the dreams where he wasn't in fact miserable because they made waking up even worse. Things like being a failure of a person; a dumbass lazy student that couldn't even get his stupid college application done in time to abandon this stupid town with its stupid people and his stupid ex-girlfriend in it.

Although Nancy wasn't stupid. In fact, she was the very opposite of stupid. So much so that she knew exactly when to let go of their silly almost-a-year relationship. She knew when to pull back, when to retire, when to realize they weren't meant for each other that way. Yes, they had their moments, great times together being in-love and couply and above all regular-like teenagers. But neither Nancy nor him were regular teenagers.

They'd been through too much pain, too much strange things and even stranger. The strangest things any grown ass person should face in the entirety of their life, let alone two barely legal teens with no real life experience whatsoever.

Monsters were real, as real as something Steve could hit with his baseball bat to protect a bunch of kids, a couple of teens his age, two adults, and himself in the process. A year ago, that monster-full experience had driven him closer to the girl he most definitely wanted - and right now just full time loved. This year's monster ride, however, made Steve realize that girl wasn't as in love with him as he had expected.

Yeah, they clicked in a pretty sort of way. Their bodies understood and their minds, while not alike, at least complemented each other just fine. But that wasn't enough. It wasn't nearly enough and Steve took a full year to realize he wasn't enough for Nancy either.

Jonathan was enough for Nancy, though. He was enough from the get go and Steve... Well, Steve just had hoped he could get to be as enough to her as to not lose her. Apparently, not amount of hoping was meant to grant Steve's wishes.

And the worst part was Jonathan wasn't even a bad lad. He was alright, nice enough, gentleman enough, and precisely the kind of person that made Nancy smile in that secret way Steve barely knew how to. It wasn't fair really, that Steve couldn't even hate the guy who stole his girl away. Though he knew better as to think Jonathan stole his girl - or that Nancy was ever *his* to steal in the first place. She was unique, exactly the kind of person that can't be forced to do anything against their will. So, if she had decided to be with Jonathan, then it was all on her. Steve knew that much.

Thus this night. Steve outside a high school gym, spying on the girl he knew he couldn't have as she laughed at the guy Steve knew he couldn't hate. All while waiting to take home his new little brother-ish friend Dustin after a stupid pre-teen Christmas Ball. And even Dustin got the chance to dance with Nancy that night! So yeah, peace and quiet sucked balls and Steve was the biggest loser of them all.

"Are you spying on some prepubescent, Harrington? Didn't strike me as a perv."

The raspy voice near his ear took Steve by surprise. He jolted and backed away the window he was looking through, ready to punch in the face anyone who dared come that near him in the first place.

"Who the fuck are you? What the fuck do you want?" Steve all but shouted, fist in the air and ready to punch whoever talked to his ear in such a dim place. The back of a high school gym wasn't the best place to be at night but that didn't mean Steve had to put up with every fucker that decided it was a good idea to tease him in the dark.

"Woah, there, *King*. Hold your horses. I'm not here to fight you."

A streak of light coming from inside the gym hit the talker, a muscly figure coming into Steve's view. Upon recognition, Steve wished he could crawl under a rock and die.

It was Billy Hargrove, wearing his signature tight jeans and a purple button up shirt that didn't even cover half his chest. Like it wasn't chilling outside or anything. What the hell with this dude, really. Billy's hands were in the air, palms turned to Steve in a silent peace offering. Steve didn't lower his fist, though.

"Then what the fuck do you want? What the hell are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same. You're a bit too old to be spying on middle schoolers, don't you think? Should I call chief Hopper, let him know we have a perv in the makings?"

Steve felt himself blushing at that. He *was* too old to be spying on middle schoolers - or their chaperons, for that matter - was he? Ugh, he was such a mess. He took a last look at Billy before lowering his fist and slumping against a wall. He didn't want to fight, less with the last dickhead that managed to kick his ass. And even if he'd wanted to fight, doing it would mean every soul inside the gym would know he was there spying on his ex like a total loser. He was screwed. So utterly screwed.

"Just fuck off, Hargrove. I'm not in the mood," Steve said at last, closing his eyes and pinching at the bridge of his nose. His head was starting to pound. This night was proving to be worst and worst every passing second.

Steve felt Billy leaning against the wall by his side, far enough for their arms not to touch but close enough for Steve to smell the awful cologne the other guy was wearing. Something musky and terrain, and way too strong to be enjoyable. *Just like its wearer*, Steve thought lightly, smiling despite himself.

"Dude, were you really stalking your ex? That's lame!"

Steve opened his eyes at that. He looked at Billy's frame and noticed in horror that the other guy was now looking through the window Steve had previously been peeking at, in Nancy's general direction. Shit, this night was going south.

"Shut the fuck up! It's none of your fucking business," Steve hissed,

too exhausted to even try and keep Hargrove from seeing what he was seeing.

He looked at the sky, trying to compose himself enough. He was there to pick up Dustin. Nothing more, nothing less. The ball wouldn't last that long. Just an hour or so and he'll be out of there and free to mope inside his bedroom like the mess of a person he was. Maybe snatch some of his father's whiskey and drink himself stupid as an early Christmas present. Yeah, that sounded like a plan.

Some minutes passed by in silence. So much so that Steve had almost forgotten he wasn't alone under the starry sky.

"This might sound a tad crazy to you, King, but maybe you're better off without her," Billy said from somewhere at Steve's right. From the corner of his eye, Steve saw him staring at the sky too. He seemed a bit tense. "I mean, if she's not the one, then she's not the one. Better to let go when you're still young and handsome than after a kid or two, y'know what I mean?"

Steve did know what Billy meant. In the middle of one of Dustin's 'I like Max so much but she doesn't like me back' periods, the kid had told Steve the entirety of Max's backstory. Not that Steven cared that much about it but Dustin insisted he was better for Max than Lucas because neither of them had their real dad in the picture.

Of course, by knowing Max's family story, Steve also unintentionally learned that Max's stepfather was a dick to his real son - that being Billy. Which made said son to take it on his little stepsister. Until Max drugged him and almost nailed his junk to Will house's floor, at least.

So yeah, after that, Steve couldn't blame the guy for his stupid, reckless personality. Although that didn't mean Steve wasn't still angry for all the punches to his nose and face. He still had sore spots from that event, even if there weren't any bruises or scars to prove it.

"Didn't strike me as a counselor, Hargrove. You also make house calls?" Steve teased, noticing as the tension between them vanished. Billy snickered at the comment.

"Don't be a bitch, man. That's the last time I try to help you. I hope

you're happy."

"I'll live," Steve shrugged, earning another snicker by his unexpected companion.

They stayed like that for some time. Steve hated to admit this was kind of nice; I mean, he still felt like shit and all but something about not being completely alone outside a middle schoolers' winter ball was actually very soothing. Which brought up another question.

"And what are you doing here anyway?" Steve asked.

He caught a glimpse of Billy's hands palming his clothes as if he was looking for something. When he finally found it, he took the little white paper roll to his mouth and lit it with a lighter. Took a puff of whatever it was - which by the smell it definitely wasn't a nicotine cigarette - and proceeded to reply.

"Waiting for the baby sister," Billy said, nonchalantly. Little smoke clouds leaving his lips and nose when he spoke. "Tried to told my dad the girl was big enough to get her ass safely home but he was taking none of it. So here I am, looking after a thirteen year old like I'm goddamned Mary Poppins."

The tone in Billy's voice while talking about his sister wasn't pleasant at all. He sounded annoyed at best and a little bit angry at times. But his expression - the little of it that Steve got to see through the obscurity of the night - wasn't one of hatred. In fact, he seemed fond of her, in lacks of a better word for it. Steve found himself caught up on that contradictory signs. Perhaps the guy wasn't so black and white after all.

"Well, I'm here to pick up my friend Dustin too," Steve provided. "So I guess that makes me Bert."

"I wonder what happened to our little penguin companions," was Billy's reply. "I bet they saw us and thought we were too lame to hang out with. They're probably having fun inside the gym with some pretty penguin chicks." Steve had to laugh at that, of course. It had been an excellent joke, after all, and he wasn't one to be too serious about stuff. He heard Billy laugh as well.

This was so weird. Just half an hour before he was rolling around in his own misery, hurting all the way to his gut because of the tiny loving looks Nancy and Jonathan shared across the gym. And now? Well, now he was laughing at the thought of little animated penguins moving around the dance floor. All thanks to goddamned Billy Hargrove! What the hell was his life now?

A couple of minutes passed, the quiet silence only pierced by the muffled slow dance music from inside the gym and the puffs Billy took from his cigarette. It was getting somewhat cold, so Steve crossed his arms over his chest to keep himself warm. How was that Hargrove managed to stay so calm with an almost open shirt was beyond his comprehension.

“Getting chilly in here, yeah?” Billy asked after another puff. He held his hand to Steve, offering the fag between his index and thumb. “Want some? It might warm you up a bit.”

Steve looked at the paper roll intently. He wasn’t dumb, he knew it was probably made of weed or some kind of recreational plant. And Steve wasn’t inexperienced in the smoking department either. But smoking marihuana? He never got around that particular path. A quick glance in Billy’s direction let him know it shouldn’t be that strong, though. The other guy had been smoking for several minutes now and didn’t even look as he was high at all.

“What?” Billy asked playfully, a smirk across his lips. “Are you just too good of a boy to smoke pot? Or you just don’t know how to?”

“I can smoke pot alright,” Steve replied, snatching the fag from Billy’s hand. The other guy just kept smiling, turning his body just so, enough to watch Steve’s movements.

Well shit, now he had to take a puff of the damned thing, did he? Steve kept watching the fag for a couple of seconds before he decided to get it over with already. He put the paper roll to his lips, feeling the warmth in his fingers from the lit side.

“Just put it lightly between your lips and take a little drag,” Billy instructed, somehow closer to Steve than before. “Don’t suck too hard and try not to last more than two or three seconds with the smoke

inside your mouth. Then breathe and let go.”

Despite feeling like a complete idiot, Steve nodded, and did exactly as Billy instructed. He put the fag to his lips, sucked lightly, held it for two seconds, and tried to breathe it out. What Billy didn't say was the thing inside his mouth was going to crawl all the way to his lungs and nose and pretty much every part of his respiratory system. It tasted just like it smelled, and it smelled strongly as burnt grass. Needless to say having that taste jabbed inside his nostrils and throat wasn't nice at all.

Next thing Steve knew was that he was bent forward, with his hands on his thighs and coughing his lungs out. Billy had managed to snatch the fag away and was promptly rubbing Steve's back whilst laughing lightheartedly.

“Oh man, I'm sorry. First time is the worst, for real.”

About half a minute and the coughing subsided. Steve stood on his feet again, clearing his throat a bit and pretending he didn't still feel Billy's warm hand rubbing up and down his back. The guy was hot! And not in a sexy sort of way - although he probably was that too. It was just his body temperature, maybe one or two degrees above average or so? Billy was hot to the touch. No doubts he always seemed to be willing to take his shirt and pants off back in the basketball practice.

“You ok, man?” Billy asked. And was that real concern in his voice? “Shouldn't have teased you. Pot is the worst first timer.”

“S okay,” Steve said, trying not to dwell on the warm hand now placed on his shoulder. “It's just it tastes like shit and I wasn't prepared for it.”

Billy snickered, patting Steve's shoulder in the process.

“I suppose it does,” he agreed. “But you get used to it. And the feeling afterwards is worth the effort.”

“I do feel a little lightheaded and warm,” Steve admitted. “Guess it's not half bad.”

“See! Told you it’d help.”

Steve smiled after that, trying not to take into account the fact that Billy didn’t seem to find stars amusing enough anymore. The guy kept watching Steve and Steve didn’t know what to do about it, so he locked his eyes in the sky once more. Billy sure was intimidating, and probably that was the reason he was still looking at Steve. He might be teasing him or simply trying to pull a string just to have some more fun. Boy was a tease, after all.

They kept smoking, though. Second time being a lot less awful than the first. Every time, Steve felt a little more lightheaded; a little more warm and calm inside. Whatever that shit was it was really doing a great job to ease him up.

“You’re probably right, you know,” Steve said near the end of the fag. He felt so relaxed now he could even feel his muscles yawn. “If Nance wasn’t for me, then splitting up was for the best.”

Steve risked a glance towards Billy and unsurprisingly saw him staring. He seemed closer now, just mere inches from Steve’s body. Not that Steve cared a lot. Billy was hot to the touch, the night was chilly, and Steve was pretty much too high to even consider this weird at all.

“As I said to you back in the showers, there’s plenty of fish in the sea, Harrington,” Billy said, his voice raspy and deep. Intimate. “Pretty boy like you shouldn’t have any problems finding another hookup.”

“I don’t really want a hookup,” Steve said, considering Billy’s words. And boy! Billy was closer to him right now. So much that Steve was able to see the pretty shade of blond of Billy’s eyelashes. The guy took a last puff of the dying fag.

“Maybe you don’t want one,” Billy all but purred, letting thick smoke clouds linger between his lips and Steve’s. “But you sure as hell need it.”

The next thing that happened, well, Steve should have seen it coming.

Billy kissed him. Like *really* kissed him. In the mouth. One hand gently on his cheek, the other on the small of Steve's back holding him close to that wonderfully warm body. So awesome a feeling that Steve didn't even hesitate when he felt his lips and body corresponding to Billy's attentions. He was so high and Billy was such a great kisser than Steve just went for it, putting his arms over Billy's shoulders and tugging gently at his blond locks.

It was amazing. The cold breeze surrounding them, all while inside their tight embrace there was nothing more than warmth and wetness and dampness and OMG! Was Steve really half-hard inside his trousers just because of this? Was he really *this easy* to turn on? To be fair, Billy's tongue was doing wonders to the insides of his mouth. And let's not talk about the hand promptly grabbing a handful of his ass over the thick fabric of his jeans. A foreign sensation but very much welcomed.

They kept on like that, intertwined with each other in such a marvelous way Steve didn't even remember what the hell was he there in the open for in the first place. However, when the hand previously on his cheek went down his body and palmed his half hard-on, Steve was given a sudden reality check.

"Billy, what the fuck! What are you doing?" he gasped, trying to take a step back and realizing he was thoroughly pinned up against the gym's wall. Billy's mouth moved across his face, resting in his ear and making him shiver as its owner spoke.

"Getting you off, handsome. What does it look like I'm doing?" Billy murmured against Steve's earlobe. "You're hard because of the pot and the kissing. And we can't let you go babysit some prepubescent while still hard inside your pants, can we?"

Next thing you know, Billy was nibbling at Steve's neck while unbuttoning his jeans. Billy's hand got inside Steve's pants and underwear and oh dear lord, that boy did know his stuff! He stroked and grabbed and pretty much jerked Steve off like it was muscular memory, his hand so nice and warm, so skilful, and so goddamn miraculous!

Steve never had felt the way he felt right then, all hot and taken care

of. Not even his own masturbation sets managed to be as impressive as the thing Billy was effortlessly providing inside Steve's too stupidly restrictive pants. The guy was a pro, and it made Steve wonder just how many times had Billy hooked up with men in his life. Not that Steve really cared about it, because damn! If it took a thousand men to make Billy this dexterous in giving a handjob then for fucks sake, Steve would lick at the feet of those hypothetical men.

Billy kept working Steve's cock so nice, in perfect unison with the little bites and kisses he let on the crook of Steve's neck. Sure as hell, Steve would have marks and bruises in the morning, but right now he couldn't give a rat's ass about it.

A hot, hard bulge against his thigh made Steve whimper a little. Billy just laughed against Steve's neck and rubbed his obviously hard dick against Steve's clothed thigh over and over in sync with the movement of his hand on Steve's erection. This wasn't about Steve, then. At least not entirely. Billy felt pleasure by having someone pinned up a wall like this, by having his way and his way only. Of course, it was clear he liked the other person to feel good as well. Such a box of surprises he was.

"Wanna feel real good, pretty boy?" Billy's voice was so rough and deep it was barely a purr in Steve's ears. "Want me to get you off nice and hot?"

What came from Steve's throat wasn't exactly a human-like response. Somewhere between a whine and a moan, though Billy took it for exactly what it was: A confirmation.

Billy growled low and filthy against Steve's skin, leaving a quick bite that most certainly would leave a mark in the morning. He moved to Steve's face and kissed his lips just as rough, nibbling so hard they felt all sore and swollen when Billy finally let go. He gave Steve a mischievous little smile as he lowered himself, kneeling in front of Steve's body.

Steve all but gasped upon realizing what was going to happen, but not quick enough as to do anything else besides watch it happen. The moment Billy Hargrove swallowed almost half of Steve's cock in one go, Steve might have very well pass out from the lack of oxygen in

his pot-melted brain.

Billy's mouth was fifty shades of remarkable, and Steve found himself literally unable of tearing his gaze from the man currently blowing him. Billy knew exactly what to do, where and how to do it, and it was so fucking sweet Steve didn't even get to comprehend how the fuck was this happening to him in the middle of the night and right next to a stupid winter ball.

Billy's head bobbed up and down Steve's shaft as one hand gripped at the base tightly, his tongue working the head and lapping at the side with expertise. Billy's eyes were fixed on Steve's, looking at him through his long, pretty eyelashes like this was some kind of porny film. Everything about it was exceptionally erotic, so much that Steve could feel his release pooling inside his balls. It had been so long since the last time he felt unshitty enough as to masturbate, after all.

"Babe, I'm gonna..." he tried to warn Billy, the pet name leaving his lips without him noticing. "I'm about to... Please...."

Steve put a hand to Billy's head in an attempt to stop him. If there was something Steve knew, it was that ejaculating inside your partner's mouth with no warning wasn't polite. But apparently, Billy wasn't just your regular partner.

After winking at Steve in a flirty sort of way - something completely out of place given their current situation, Billy seemed to take upon himself the holy task of making Steve cum in the spot, sucking right so and bobbing right so and pretty much giving Steve the best fucking blowjob of his entire life.

Steve's orgasm hit him hard not much after that, basically exploding inside Billy's warm mouth and making Steve see stars behind his closed eyelids. The post-orgasmic high must have lasted at least half a minute, and when Steve finally got back to earth, Billy's warmth was still surrounding him.

Steve opened his eyes and saw Billy milking his cock through the afterglow, in a way so dedicated it was all kinds of sexy even when Steve was all but spent. Steve caressed Billy's temple very lightly, just to let him know it was okay to let go of his softening dick. He

couldn't help the fond smile that crossed his lips when Billy looked at him through his eyelashes, smiling as he let go of Steve's now flaccid member and tugged it into Steve's pants.

"All patched up, my King" Billy said jokily, getting up to his feet. He kissed Steve one more time, letting him savor the mixture of smoke and cum still lingering inside his virtuous mouth. Steve kissed back, taking Billy by the waist and getting him closer.

He felt awesome, so fucking confident and energetic and pretty much more like himself than he had felt in ages. Was it because of the blowjob? The pot? Another thing completely? Steve didn't know and most definitely didn't care at the moment.

The kiss evolved into something lazy, lips on lips barely touching and moving for the sake of not letting go. A still hot bulge rubbed lightly against Steve's upper thigh and he stopped the kiss at once. *Didn't he even...?* He backed away some inches and Billy whined quietly in protest.

"Wait, you didn't get off on this?" Steve asked, starting to feel like an obnoxious prick. Billy frowned at him.

"What? Of course I did," he assured. "Didn't you see me back there? I was loving it!"

"Yeah, okay," Steve rubbed a hand to the back of his neck. It was ridiculous, but the openness with which Billy expressed himself still managed to throw him off balance even having done what they'd done just minutes before. "I could *see* you liked it but, I mean... You're still hard. You didn't cum at all."

For the first time in all of the time Steve had known Billy, he saw the boy blush a bit. Although, maybe it was the lighting, or - most likely - an after effect of their previous activities. Be it as it may, Steve found it was actually quite cute. Something he could get used to.

"Erh... that's nothing, really," Billy said, smiling a bit strangely, almost as if he was shy. Which didn't fit the boy's unrestrained personality. "I don't really need to... you know... *cum* all the time. Besides, you liked it lots and enjoyed yourself quite alright. So it's

cool.”

Steve wanted to say it wasn't cool at all but something took his attention. A loud, void sound. Like lots of people walking over parquet at the same time. Lots of little people, actually. Like a bunch of middle schoolers leaving a big gym at once to go home and call it a night. Teens leaving the Snowflake Ball. One of them being his friend Dustin and other being Billy's little sister Max. *Shit!*

“Fuck, look at the time. It's late!” Billy said, looking at his watch. He took a step back, taking away all the warmth Steve was so getting used to. “Time really flies when you're having fun.”

“Suppose so, yeah,” Steve said, looking down at himself and trying to figure out if he seemed as disheveled as he felt. He tried to flat down his shirt and hair a bit; from the corner of his eye, he saw Billy doing the same.

Steve turned his back on Billy, looking at the nearest corner of the gym to make his escape. He was thinking of the best way to end the thing, something like ‘Well, see you around, buddy’. Then all of the sudden he felt a hot, muscly body glued to his back, an arm wrapped tight around his waist and a hand spread over his chest.

“See you next time, *King Steve*,” Billy whispered near Steve's ear, planting a kiss on the back of his neck. “Call me if you need me.”

It took Steve a couple of moments to calm his heart rate, and when he finally managed to turn around, Billy was long gone. Which was probably for the best, because the guy was warm and sexy and Steve really, really, *really*, needed to pull himself together in order to give his friend Dustin a ride home.

He'd dwell about what had happened later on. Probably alone in his bedroom, a big glass of stolen whiskey in one hand and Billy's phone number - the one he knew Billy had just slipped in the back pocket of his jeans - in the other.

FIN~

Author's Note:

I'm on [twitter](#), [facebook](#) and [tumblr](#). If you wanna go there and talk to me about this fic/pairing or any other subject, please do.